

NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

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SHAKESPEARE'S FALSTAFF TRILOGY.

Shakespeare's Trilogy of English Histories, made up of the two parts of the Henry Fourth and of the Henry Fifth, have always been among the most popular of his plays. Although dealing with an earlier period, they are clearly later in the time of their composition and production than the first trilogy made up of the three parts of the Henry Sixth, and probably later than the Richard Second and the Richard Third, which serve as introduction and conclusion respectively to the great historical series. That the Henry Fifth was long posterior in date to the three parts of the Henry Sixth is abundantly shown apart from external evidence, by the Epilogue to the Henry Fifth, which refers to the several parts of the Henry Sixth, as well known plays of recognized popularity.

"Henry the Sixt in infant bands crowned King,
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and for their sake
In your fair mind let this acceptance take."

The passage is also interesting as showing that, though there are probably several other hands than Shakespeare's to be traced in the Henry Sixth, Shakespeare seems to have considered it sufficiently his to claim from its popularity a favourable reception for his new venture telling the glories of Henry Sixth's great father's reign. The Epilogue to 2 Henry the Sixth equally shows with equal clearness that that play immediately precedes Henry the Fifth, since Shakespeare thus promises,

"Our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France," etc., etc., a promise, alas! which was not to be kept as to Falstaff.

It is more difficult to determine the dates of the two Richards, but their composition and production probably came between the periods of the two trilogies. Certain it is that Richard the Second seems to prefigure, particularly in its last act, the play of Henry the Fourth, as, for instance, in the allusion to Bolingbroke's intention to embark on a crusade, and his incipient uneasiness about the irregularity of his son's life.

Shakespeare's marvellous creation of Falstaff seems to have been, in inception, development and growth, the result of accident, and an examination of its origin leads us into curious by-paths of English history. In the Richard the Second we are shown the grand and pathetic figure of old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster, eldest surviving son of Edward the Third's great brood, lingering on and still preserving great influence under the fitful and capricious tyranny of his nephew, Richard the Second. John of Gaunt was well known and beloved, as the patron and protector not only of poetry and literature, but of liberty of thought and religion. Wickliff had lived and written in peace under the shadow of John of Gaunt's favor, and his followers and successors, the Wickliffites, coming to be called Lollards, looked to his family and to the house of Lancaster as their natural protection. Curiously, however, one branch of John of Gaunt's family, viz: the Beauforts (the offspring of his irregular connection with Catherine Swinford, but who were afterwards legitimized by Act of Parliament), became closely identified with the Catholic church, and, as we shall see in the course of this study, became the Lollards' enemies and persecutors. Henry the Fourth, when he reached the throne, found he needed the support of the clergy, which he struggled throughout his reign to win and retain, but at the same time gave a kind of secret and irregular protection to the Lollards, who constituted a large portion of the middle class, through the south of England, particularly in the cities, and would not turn them over absolutely to their enemies. This may have been due partly to policy, and the wise desire to preserve so useful and industrious a class of his subjects, and partly to a lingering tenderness towards the opinions to which his father had always shown kindness. Publicly and ostensibly, however, Henry the Fourth always held himself out to be a loyal and devoted son of the church, and, when hard pressed, expressed his determination and anxiety to lead a new crusade into the Holy Land. His eldest son, Prince Harry, was only a child at the time of his father's accession to the throne, and the king's expressions of anxiety about his son's manner of life in the last act of Richard the Third were premature and not historical. Shakespeare is justified, however, in making Prince Hal take part in the battle of Shrewsbury, as he was present at that battle and took an important part in it; though but a lad of fifteen; he behaved with great gallantry, though it is not likely he personally slew Hotspur. It is probable, but not certain, that in that battle he was accompanied by Sir John Oldcastle, a Herefordshire knight, later known as Lord Cobham, who seems also to have distinguished himself in the engagement. It is certain, however, that after the victory at Shrewsbury Prince Henry was entrusted with the command at first only nominal, but afterwards actual, of the series of campaigns carried on in Wales against Mortimer and Owen Glendower, and acquired experience and skill as a military chieftain in that warfare. He received the thanks of Parliament for his Welsh services in 1406 and 1407, but these campaigns are hardly more than alluded to by Shakespeare. During these years he was con-

stantly accompanied and valiantly assisted by Sir John Oldcastle; and a strong attachment grew up between them. This knight, a native of Bolingbroke's own earldom, Hereford, had notwithstanding been a page in attendance on Thomas Mowbray, earl of Norfolk, Bolingbroke's great enemy in the play of Richard the Second; though Henry the Fourth's acceptance of Carlile's beautiful appreciation of Mowbray's life and service after his exile and death (Richard Second IV. i. 104) seem to show the insincerity of his previous attacks upon that nobleman. However this may be, Sir John Oldcastle seems not to have gone into exile with his patron, but not improbably may have been taken into the service of John of Gaunt, from which he naturally passed into companionship and attendance on his grandson, Prince Hal, whose senior he must have been by some twenty or twenty-five years. Whether Oldcastle acquired his Wickliffite principles and convictions during his early days, at home in Herefordshire, or while in attendance on the Earl of Norfolk, or later in the service of the House of Lancaster, cannot be known, but from his first appearance in history, while nothing of a Puritan in his life, his steady devotion to the Reformed doctrines was conspicuous. He sat in the House of Commons, then strongly tinged with Lollardism, in 1404, and was sheriff of Herefordshire in 1406. It must have been shortly after this that he made a great marriage with the heiress of the barony of Cobham in Kent. For, in 1409, Oldcastle took his seat in the House of Lords as Lord Cobham, *jure uxoris*. It is probable that the Cobhams were also a Wickliffite family, as we know that Kent was deeply imbued with Lollardism. From this time, except when on military duty, Oldcastle's residence was Cooling (or Cowling) Castle, a splendid country seat about four miles north of Rochester in Kent. It is now in ruins, but is still shown to the tourist. The little village of Cobham, and Cobham Hall, lie in a different direction, and are perhaps some five miles west of Rochester. Intermediately between these points is Gad's Hill, the scene of one of Falstaff's and the Prince's exploits, about two and a half miles northwest of Rochester and two miles from Cowling Castle. Cobham Hall is now the residence of the Earls of Darnley. The Cliftons were a Nottinghamshire family, who seem to have acquired their lands in Kent in Queen Anne's time, but Cobham Hall is much older, its earliest portion dating from the Sixteenth Century, so that it probably succeeded Cooling Castle as the residence of the Cobhams. The last we hear in history of Cowling Castle is that in Queen Mary's reign it was stormed and pillaged by Wyatt's Kentish followers in his unsuccessful rebellion; the Lord Cobham of that day refusing to join Wyatt, although Sir Thomas was his nephew, although the young Cobhams joined in the insurrection. Lord Cobham, by his cautious abstinence, saved his life and his estates, and his sons live also, so that they lived to do good service to the Protestant cause in Elizabeth's days. The fact, that by Cecil's authorization, the young Cobhams in 1562, disguised as highwaymen, stopped the Spanish messenger from Philip II to his Minister in London on Gad's Hill, and robbed him

of his dispatches, has a curious reminiscent flavour of the earlier doings of Prince Hal and Falstaff. In recent years Charles Dickens has recalled public interest to this region, living as he did for many years at Gad's Hill, and making Cowling Marsh, lying a little east of the old Castle, the scene of the early part of his novel of "Great Expectations." From this time Oldcastle became the recognized leader of the Wickliffite party, and it was commonly noted that the anti-Lollard Laws of 1406 and 1409 were ignored at Castle Cooling. It is probable that, during this period of development of the Prince's intimacy with Oldcastle, and during their campaigns in Wales, their visits to the Capital were brief and occasional, but it is likely enough that when they were back in London they led a very gay life. The old chronicles tell us that all Henry Fourth's sons: Thomas of Clarence and the reputedly sober John of Bedford, as well as Prince Harry himself, caused frequent disorders in London; and Lord Cobham, strenuous as were his religious convictions, was anything but a saint or an anchorite. His and the Prince's roystering days in and near London must have occupied, however, much less of their time than was spent in the public service. It will be remembered that Shakespeare in the Second Henry Fourth mentions Falstaff being urgently sent for to join Scrope and Lord Bardolph in the north, at a time when Prince Henry was elsewhere. He makes no reference to Oldcastle being sent, as he was by the Prince of Wales, with the Earl of Arundel and the two Umfravilles, as leaders of a force of some twelve hundred men to the succor of the Duke of Burgundy against the French King in 1411. This little expedition turned the scale in the Duke of Burgundy's favour, the Armagnacs were driven across the Loire, and Sir John Oldcastle came home with fresh laurels.

The Prince, prior to his accession to the throne, even apart from his intimate friendship for Oldcastle, seems to have been suspected of an inclination towards the Wickliffites. On March 5th, 1410, one Badby, a tailor of Evesham and a Lollard, was burned for denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation. The Prince, riding up, caused the faggots, which were already burning, to be extinguished, and endeavored to get the unhappy tailor to make something which would pass for a recantation. It was in vain, however, Badby firmly adhered to the avowal of his convictions, and the Prince was reluctantly compelled to abandon him to his fate. Henry the Fourth, having from motives of policy espoused the side of the Church, it may have been good politics for the Prince of Wales to mildly encourage the opposition, and keep up the hereditary friendship of the House of Lancaster to the heretical Lollards. Sir John Oldcastle, while a fierce and devoted Lollard, and a skillful and earnest disputant in favour of their doctrines, did not conform his life to any strict religious rule. Years later, when he made his celebrated defence of his life and opinions before the King, he confessed (as related by Bale) that in his younger days he had "offended grievously in pride, wrath, gluttony, covetousness and lechery and had hurte many in his anger." The defence would seem to indicate that

he was a free-liver, as well as a free speaker, and was glad to manifest his contempt for clerical observance, as well by his disregard of fast days, as by his violent and effective denunciation of the lives and habits of his ecclesiastical foes. At his trial before the Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans, Cobham is said to have maintained the proposition that the Catholic church was anti-Christ; the Pope anti-Christ's head, the bishops his belly, and the friars and monks his tail. We can well conceive what a thorn in the flesh he was to the Bishop of Rochester, whose near neighbor he was, and who vainly tried to get him within the grasp of his jurisdiction.

When Henry the Fourth's death drew near, the situation was, that the heir to the throne who had already by his successful warfare in Wales acquired considerable military renown, was not only given to a life of rather rollicking gaiety in the intervals of his campaigns, but, what was worse in ecclesiastical eyes, was reported to be tinged with the heresy of the Lollards, and was certainly intimately associated with the valiant and distinguished captain whom the Wickliffites looked upon as their leader in thought as well as action, and whose followers expected him to be the most influential person with the King, and perhaps his minister in the coming reign. This prospect naturally caused great alarm to the clergy and corresponding elation to the depressed Lollard faction. The events attending the succession were a surprise to all. Henry the Fifth, who had long cherished the idea of French conquest, to which he was encouraged by the civil strife between the Armagnacs and the Burgundians, had become convinced that the faction of the Lollards and their friends was too feeble in wealth and influence to furnish a solid support for his great designs, and realized that the help of the rich and powerful clergy and the bulk of the English people, still strongly Catholic, was essential to his success. His relations had always been friendly with his uncle, Henry Beaufort (Catherine Swinford's second son), who had succeeded William of Wykeham as Bishop of Winchester, and he seems to have at once determined to follow his guiding in religion, and threw himself into the arms of the Catholic party. Perhaps, like his great namesake of France, he thought "*Paris vaut bien une messe!*"

This conclusion involved Henry's abandonment of his old associates; but it was with great reluctance he forsook his old friend and companion, Sir John Oldcastle. The chronicles relate several endeavors on the young King's part to induce Sir John to change his creed, or at least follow his master's example so far as to make formal submission to the Church, but Oldcastle was made of sterner stuff than the license of his gay career with the Prince had led the latter to suspect. While continuing a loyal and devoted friend and subject, all efforts failed to shake his steadfast adherence to the simple faith which Wickliff taught, and even a last long conference with the King at Kensington proved vain. In one way or another Oldcastle successfully evaded the frequent attempts of the Bishop of Rochester to bring him before the ecclesiastical tribunals; on one occasion, as chronicled, compelling the unfortunate officer charged with the execution of the writ

to eat it, seals and all, so that the bishop was forced to resort to a species of service by publication, by posting the writ on the cathedral gates. The clerical party also long sought in vain to find ground of accusation against Oldcastle's loyalty. He kept clearly aloof from Scrope's and Mortimer's conspiracy, which perhaps had no religious element involved. The first successful effort to throw suspicion into the King's mind as to Cobham's loyalty seems to have been the singular affair of the St. Giles Fields' gathering, which at this distance of time looks like a plot stimulated by provocative agents, if it had indeed any treasonable elements. Oldcastle's special enemy, the Bishop of Rochester, gave the young King information of an alleged treasonable gathering of Lollards in St. Giles Fields, near Holbourn, in the early morning, whose immediate purpose, as the bishop charged, was the destruction of Westminster Abbey and other London churches, but which ultimately aimed at the dethronement of the King. Henry caused the spot to be surrounded by detachments of troops, who turned back many who were coming thither, and then concentrating on the field, the soldiers arrested some eighty persons of the lower middle class, tradesmen and artisans, who showed no sign of military preparation, but said they had come to meet Lord Cobham. Oldcastle was not there. In fact, it seems uncertain whether his arrest may not have been earlier than the date of this occurrence. It would seem probable that he knew nothing of this assemblage, which it is likely was got together by contrivance of his adversaries, and which, if he had had knowledge of it, he might, with his usual shrewdness, have succeeded in preventing. As it was, these unfortunate Lollards, who probably had no further purpose than listening to the secret preaching in which the followers of Wickliff, like the later Puritans and Covenanters, delighted, were arrested in the early gray of morning and thirty-seven of them condemned to death. Of these, ten actually suffered death, seven were burned for heresy and three, Acton, Beverly and Morly, a brewer, the most important persons seized, were executed for treason. This incident helped his enemies to discredit Oldcastle with Henry, who finally permitted his arrest and trial for heresy. Oldcastle conducted his defence, first before the King and later in the Archbishop's Court, with skill and boldness. In the first instance he offered in the presence of the King a purgation by witnesses offering to prove his loyalty, etc., with one hundred knights and esquires as compurgators. This being refused him, he demanded a trial by combat, proposing to maintain by his sword the orthodoxy of his faith. We cannot be surprised that, well grounded as these demands were in the law of that day, they were peremptorily denied. He was therefore compelled to submit to a trial before an ecclesiastical court, where his judges were his accusers. He was not awed or intimidated, however, but defended himself with his usual skill and intrepidity, retaliating on his foes with the boldest denunciation of their lives and teachings. He was, of course, convicted and committed to the Tower, whence, however, he escaped, (I have a hope, by King Henry's connivance,) into Wales, among whose mountains, where he

and the King had fought side by side in many a conflict, he long found shelter and comfort from friends and old associates. There is some uncertainty about his death; but the better opinion among the chroniclers seems to be that he was ultimately captured and executed in London during Henry the Fifth's career in France, so that the apologetic statement in the Epilogue to the Second Henry the Fourth that "Oldcastle died a martyr" is probably well founded historically. Fox, the martyrologist, gives a glowing account of his sufferings and death.

We have a curious aftermath of the deadly hostility of the bishops to Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in the cruel persecution by the King's favorite uncle and counsellor, the Bishop of Winchester, then Cardinal Beaufort, of Dame Eleanor Cobham, the second wife of Henry's youngest brother, Humphrey of Gloucester. If not a descendant of Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, this lady was probably closely related to his wife, and doubtless was a Wickliffite, since she was accused by the Church of sorcery. Duke Humphrey may have been attracted to her, not only by her beauty and wealth, but by the traditional regard of the legitimate descendants of John of Gaunt for the Lollards. It is related that she was devoted to the natural sciences, and had tried to interest young Henry the Sixth in the study of nature, as her great husband did in literature, while Lord Protector. She appears to have retained some influence over the young King until his marriage with Margaret of Anjou. We have in the Second Henry the Sixth a vivid description of how Beaufort, through crafty agents, enticed the unhappy lady into attempts to communicate with the unseen world, and entrapped her into the position which led to her conviction of the crime of sorcery. Although, thanks to a remnant of Henry the Sixth's old affection, which led to his personal intervention, the Duchess escaped the rope and faggot, she was subjected to a cruel and degrading penance and subsequent imprisonment, which broke her heart and that of her noble husband, and ruined his power and influence so that the triumph of Beaufort over the Lollards and the House of Cobham was for the time complete. It was, however, but temporary. For a Lord Cobham was Lord Chamberlain during some years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as we shall see later on, and interfered on behalf of the reputation of the great Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

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(To be Continued.)

AN AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE HOAX.

"A man cannot be otherwise than his Maker made him," said Lord Chief Justice Holt in *How v Prin* (Holt, R. 625, the case in which his lordship held that it was not slander to call a Justice of the Peace a blockhead, etc., And probably this is the reason why people who enjoy hoaxes will hoax! In Shakespearean fields there is the added temptation of the eclat of discovering something or anything in a field where the phenomena is so vast and the items of fact so few and so far between: nor does the consideration that such eclat can only be of the briefest duration, since, next to unearthing a Shakespearean fact, Shakespeareans enjoy most keenly the exposure of a spurious one, deter a great many clever people (who are not by any means blockheads) from announcing all sorts of bizarre, and occasionally, even some very plausible, even if impossible, Shakespearean "finds!" The following story shows with what ease a very pretty Shakespearean Hoax can be not only created for somebody's amusement, but continued for somebody else's revenue! And I hope the story will not be thought too light material and too little worth while to intervene amidst the more sober matter with which *NEW SHAKESPEAREANA* deals!

Our utter failure to bring the Shakespearean biography within planetary space of the Shakespearean output has been constantly lamented. Beyond a baptism, a marriage bond; the accumulation of properties real and personal, a last will and Testament and the payment of the debt of Nature, there is no personal biography, and the literary biography is writ in as many ways as there are commentators to write it. In but a single instance I believe is there a morsel of that testimony of the Vicinage—which lawyers value so highly in capital cases—to run all fours with an item in the Plays themselves, (to wit.: the Justice Shallow lampoon) though there are numerous notable cases (see them collected ante Vol. II, pages 54-69) where both external and internal evidence seems to coincide to point to the improbability of any but the Shakespearean authorship). But when even this single morsel is strenuously combatted in some most respectable orthodox quarters, can we wonder that there are Baconian, and so on, theories. And is it not, on the whole, better to do as we have always done in the New York Shakespeare Society, viz., consider the Baconian or any other Authorship belief as Optional, and let it go at that, so only we can all get together otherwise? Most of all, cannot we remember that the first proposition of the Baconist is worship of the Great Text, and forgive him who loveth much? Of course there are many shrewd guesses to be made as to this sadly inadequate personal biography. We can guess that Shakespeare did not get out an edition of his own sonnets in which lacking lines were supplied by brackets (the edition of 1609); that he had more or less to do with the "stolen and surreptitious Quartos" since no sane man—let alone Shakespeare—permits himself to be deliberately robbed fifty-eight times by pirates at his elbow in broad daylight (I must reject my own theory that as Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic, he had no standing to complain before the

Court of Star Chamber whose protegee the all-powerful Stationer's Company was—since if two dedications of poems to Lord Southampton—there being no other record thereof—prove that Shakespeare was the other self of that noble Lord in days when nice customs as well as Latin Grammars courtesied to great kings, that noble lord's influence at Court would have obtained access enough to Star Chamber) and, since I should be unable to imagine the late Lord Tennyson preparing a Victorian anthology and running in among verses by his contemporary poets a few random verses of his own "In Memoriam" or "Maud," so I am sure (if anybody can be sure of anything) that Shakespeare had no part or lot in that *Olla Podrida*—still included for some reason past man's understanding—in editions of Shakespeare's Works, which Heywood called "The Passionate Pilgrim."

But these are only guesses after all. The things that are too strange not to be true are yet to be allowed for! Nor is it perhaps remarkable at all that, in so ample a field for guesswork, there should be now and again a few Hoaxes, since, as Lord Holt said, a man cannot be other than his Maker made him! Is not the wonder rather, that there have been so few?

If we should seriously attempt to differentiate this handful of Hoaxes I think I should say that "Anecdote" dug out of *The Annual Register* by Mr. Nelson (ante Vol. III., p. 78) was a case of simple misleading. The Donnelly Cryptogram I should assign to pure lack of information in a brilliant man; for a brilliant man Mr. Donnelly certainly was. And yet at the time when Mr. Donnelly startled two continents more or less with his "cipher," he had never seen (as he stated to me; and indeed he admits it in "The Great Cryptogram") a Shakespeare Folio; having used the far from perfect Stanton Reprint for his calculations. And so late as the year before he died he had evidently never examined any but the first folio, for in his "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone," (1899) page 350 he makes this astounding statement: "I have already called attention to the fact first observed by William Henry Smith that the first three folios of the Shakespeare plays are exactly alike in pagination, arrangement of type, bracketing and hyphenizations—even in what we would call typographical errors, in each the same words begin and end every page of these three great volumes of one thousand pages each"!!! But of actual Hoax—Shakespearean Hoax—I suppose we cannot be stated to have had more than three of magnitude enough to, for a space, deceive the very elect. These three we know as the frauds of Ireland, Cunningham, and "The Old Corrector" (namely, the readings autographed on the margins of the famous Perkins—Robb—Collier second folio). And even these three seem fading away into one, for Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps lived and died believing that that "Account of the Revels" which Peter Cunningham brought for sale to the British Museum people was really the copy of an actual and veritable original document some day to be found in some forgotten receptacle, and only last summer Dr. Furness expressly authorized

me to quote him as believing that John Payne Collier was not the forger of those autograph marginalia (and of course, if Mr. Collier did not forge them, then the person who did write them may have transferred them from veritable contemporary annotae in another copy of the second or from some other Shakespeare folio; and so the old corrector Hoax is not a Hoax at all, and we are all at sea again! Be this as it may, the general conviction that both the Cunningham and the Collier finds were forgeries, was so strong that the facts that they both were printed by the (first) Shakespeare Society, and so guaranteed by them, broke up that noble Society—through the great value of its other publications can never be gainsayed. This would leave William Henry Ireland alone in his glory in England. But, so far, we have had but one real American Shakespeare Hoax. As I can describe this one in a sort of personal vein I proceed to treat it in so far as I myself experienced it in several of its picturesque—and albeit commercial—accents!

On Sunday, the nineteenth day of October in the year 1884, I happened to be sitting in the office of the Northern Pacific Railway Company in the City of Saint Paul, Minnesota, and to take up that morning's "Pioneer-Press" the local newspaper of that city. One of the first things my eye lighted on was a two or more column article headed *Shakespeare's Pall Bearer Buried in Fredericksburg, Virginia*, or words to that effect. The article purported to be a letter written to the Editor of this Saint Paul newspaper from Fredericksburg, Virginia, and was to the effect that, when the Federal Army in 1863 passed through the burying ground of St. George's Episcopal Church in that town, the wheels of the cavalry tore up a gravestone—a red sandstone slab; and that subsequently this stone was used as the door step of a cottage in the town. This stone having been pointed out to the writer of the letter as an interesting souvenir of the bloody battle when Burnside's and Lee's armies struggled for possession of one of the approaches to Richmond, he was led to examine it carefully, and was astonished to find upon it still legible the following inscription:

"Here lies the body of Edward Helder, practitioner in Physick Chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542—was contemporary with, and one of the Pallbearers of, William Shakespear. After a brief illness his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 1618, aged 76."

But our syndicator did not rest with producing the mere prose of verisimilitude. His imagination transferred the tombstone to poetry, although as if unequal to dipping to poetry himself, he had recourse to a recent magazine for it, and he mentions that "in Fredericksburg" (he does not say under what roof, or in what receptacle—but discreetly "in Fredericksburg"—for although Fredericksburg is a comparatively small town it is a large place to hold a single copy of a newspaper), "there is preserved a copy of 'The Fredericksburg Gazette' published in 1784", (much as Falstaff swore that he was born about four in the morning, but was reticent as to the day, month

or year) "which bears evidence that this stone was then a feature of the place, in a tribute to it in verse as follows"—and then our matchless syndicator prints as extracted from this carefully unlocated newspaper, verb. lit. et punct., a poem from the *Atlantic Monthly* of September 1870, signed "F. W. Loring;" which was evidently suggested (and the dates even seem to agree to it) by one of the periodical outcroppings of the yarn itself hereafter to be chronicled (of course I discovered this later on). It was not a bad poem either, as *Atlantic Monthly* poems go. It had the fine roll of pumpkins over the barn floor, and a reminiscence of Mr. Cannings' "At the University of Gottingen" in its refrain of "At the funeral of William Shakespeare" (changed in the backward course of eighty-six years, to the much more sonorous "At William Shakespeare's funeral!") And it told of the poet's alleged reflections at the grave of a pall-bearer of the great dramatist—how Juliet, Ariel, Hamlet et al—seemed to be present, etc., etc. Feeling that I was, at least as one of the posse committatus, a custodian of Truth—whose at least negative duty it was to keep the people from being fooled too outrageously, I put on my hat and stepped over to the office of the newspaper and called on the Managing Editor whom I happened to know rather well. "Your correspondent is not exactly overscrupulous in dealing with truth," I said, calling his attention to the column. But the managing editor read the letter and broadly smiled at my freshness. Said he "That's not written to us, that syndicate matter," (as a matter of fact the same "letter" was printed—as I afterwards learned, in the *New York Times* on the next day, October 20th, 1884). "We all of us print that sort of thing occasionally, addressing it to ourselves or not—as we see fit." "But," I persisted in my simplicity, "It's a lie, it's not only a lie, but it's impossible. That was not the way those things were written in those days! 'Practitioner!' 'contemporary!' a word not in use at that date, and for an hundred years after, (I was wrong there, for it was used by Wither it now seems, according to Dr. Murray, in the year 1631, only thirteen years later. "Mr. Shakespeare of the Avon was not, at that date, considered an important enough person for a man to have recorded on his tombstone the fact, that—my friend the managing editor was really laughing now! "Why, my dear Morgan! that's "Journalism!" We print what interests people! This thing interested you! interest people is what we are trying to do!"

I admitted my blunder, but made up my mind to see what foundation or hint the unknown syndicator (I subsequently as hereinafter stated learned his name and address, and communicated with him my desire to get at the facts by return enclosed stamped envelope, etc. But I suppose, like the Managing Editor of the *Saint Paul* newspaper, he only laughed at my freshness. Perhaps he is laughing yet!) I was determined to find out if there was any stone at all, however little it might happen to be—and if there was any stone there, even if only a pebble, to know all about it anyhow. As it was impossible at that time to myself proceed to Virginia, I provided myself with several copies of the letter and sent them to those

who could inform me accurately. As the churchyard of St. George's Episcopal Church was mentioned, I enclosed one of the copies of the syndicated letter to Bishop Whittle of Virginia. I sent another copy to the agent of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad at Fredericksburg. Bishop Whittle sent me the name of the Episcopal Rector at Fredericksburg, from whom, as well as from the Agent of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway and many others, I soon had plenty of letters, each denying that, upon enquiry, anybody could be found who had ever heard of any such stone, and emphatically repelling the idea that anybody in Fredericksburg would use a tombstone for a doorstep! To say nothing of their good taste, their superstitions would prevent it, "in our beautiful little town," etc., etc. On further correspondence I discovered that the story of our syndicator was only a resurrection—that the fiction was a familiar one with an approximately settled periodicity—say, about five years—that it had appeared in a piece entitled "Virginia First and Last" in Fraser's (London) Magazine in March 1865; that, again, in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of July 13th, 1870, there was a discussion of the story, exposing gravely its impossibility, etc., but clearly enough indicating that the tale was even then a recurrence. It was remembered again sometime in the year 1875—in the Washington "Evening Star," and so on! These discoveries non-plussed me quite a little. I confess to the archaeological appetite, which makes a tradition the more interesting the further back you trace it; and moreover, this story was so apparently without a possible motive anywhere for its fabrication, and was so simply to be disposed of by inspection (if there was any stone at all, and, if not, by the smallest attention to verisimilitude) that I even began to believe that, simply because it was too strange not to be true—there might be something in it! I remembered Halliwell Phillipp's touchstone for versifying a tradition—"was there anybody alive at its first appearance to whose interest it was to have it accepted or understood as true! And I remember how often he said "When one begins to investigate Shakespeare matters he must expect surprises"—and how one of his last books (his "Memoranda on Hamlet") wound up with the reflection, "Those who have lived as long as myself in the midst of Shakespearean things, will be careful not to be too certain of anything." I had even had personal experience of some most improbable things myself—such as in 1885 the discovery of a second folio Shakespeare with a tracing of the last signature to Shakespeare's Will, pasted in by John Ward, an actor living two hundred years ago at Stratford on Avon—in a miner's cabin in Utah, etc., etc. So I wrote out the account of the above circumstances, and sent it for publication in the Boston "Literary World," (which at that date, we having no organ of our own, used to print the proceedings and debates of the New York Shakespeare Society in full). My letter appeared, I think, sometime in the spring or summer of 1885—and I believe attracted some suggestions. But I ceased to regard suggestions, when, one morning, I found in my mail a letter from a gentleman then living in Baltimore—a Mr. John

Hawkins, whose home was, he told me in Newberry, South Carolina. The gentleman wrote me that he had in his possession a Diary—taken from the body of a dead Federal soldier on the battlefield of the Wilderness—on a fly-leaf of which there appeared, written in pencil the identical epitath given by me in my letter to the "Literary World" (that is, just as I have given it above)! The mystery seemed deepening at every step! I wrote the Baltimore gentleman asking him to entrust the Diary to me, and he sent it to me by express—and I retained it several days with his permission. It was a cheap little affair, about three inches tall by two inches wide, and had only about fifty blank pages. The young soldier had not even written his name in it, nor the place where he began to use it. He had, however, evidently begun its use on the day of his enlistment in an Indiana Regiment, for he makes an entry of his enlistment, and then follow several entries of farewell calls on young ladies of the town (names not given). He then memorandumizes—not always with dates—his going to one camp after another, until he is with the army of the Potomac. But there is no entry of any Battle or of any fighting. The details are always petty and personal—that it was pretty warm or pretty cold—that his company broke camp, were paid off, etc., etc. The most curious thing about it to me (apart from the copy of the epitath I am about to describe) was, that on the day of the terrible battle of Fredericksburg he makes two entries "Ordered to go into Winter quarters," and "Ordered to go into Winter quarters contermanded." (Later on, I came to realize in another manner, how little a private soldier knows of the movements of the army of which he is a member!) Possibly, after making that second entry he was marched to some support or to hold some position, but the curious thing is, that nowhere is there made any mention of the battle of Fredericksburg itself or indeed of any battle at all—of some of which he might at least have known from hearsay! The Diary was about half-filled with these colorless entries; when they abruptly cease. But on the last fly-leaf in pencil and in the immature and boyish hand-writing of the whole is—sure enough! the copy of the epitath just as given above, Shakespeare if I am not forgetful, being spelled with a small s, "shaksperre." The more I studied this Diary, the more puzzled I got. That the young soldier saw the epitath in a newspaper before starting for the front and wrote it on a blank leaf of his Diary, guessing that he might some day be in the vicinity of the stone and so be able to verify it, was an explanation, to be sure. But the handwriting and phraseology of the entries did not indicate a person who would have been interested in such things at all, not to say interested at a time when he had just undertaken the precarious life of a soldier—and when his mind would have been full of hazards immediately at hand. Nor, while (as will be seen) there was a stone—could he have copied such an inscription—for, as will straightway appear—there was no such epitath! Nor could the copy have been added by another, for the handwriting was the same as in the body of the little book: and more-

over—the poor fellow was dead! I had, therefore, no theory and nothing further to guess. But—here was the Diary in my hand!

Matters lay thus, when, as notices of my letters in "The Literary World" began to be somewhat numerous, an article appeared by Mr. Mon-sur D. Conway (whom I have since known most agreeably) entitled "Hunting a Mythical Pallbearer" in Harpers Weekly—and I proceed to extract the bulk of Mr. Conway's paper in concluding this narrative. After mentioning that he saw the syndicated matter in the New York Times of October 20th, 1884, and, being a native of Fredericksburg, undertook (just as I had with less facilities,) to verify it, Mr. Conway proceeds:

"In the summer of 1885, I visited St. George's Churchyard (in Fredericksburg, Virginia) which I found much battered. At the spot where I thought the stone lay. I found a foot-stone only, the head-stone having been removed. I suspected theft, but soon concluded that it was an illusion of memory. I could not find one positive of having seen it, though several with vague impressions of it, and many who had heard of people who had seen it. It seemed impossible that such a stone, in a church-yard so accessible, should be overlooked by writers like Alden, Meade, Philip Slaughter, Howe, and Howison. When I returned to England, in 1886, the matter had ceased to interest me as a Shakespearean, but all the more as a student of mythology, and also as a Virginian. Another search made by myself in the Fredericksburg church-yard convinced me that no stone there suggested the myth. In lists of adventures to Virginia, up to 1620, are no names nearer Helder than "Eldred," "Elkin," and "Heiden." The improbabilities represented in the epitath were thus great. That a man at seventy-four should be Shakespeare's pall-bearer, immediately emigrate to the wilderness of Virginia, and his death in a region remote from Jamestown be recorded on a stone unknown to antiquarians, were improbabilities whose sum was an impossibility. On the other side, however, were improbabilities that had also to be faced. That anybody should invent such a story, should select for it a Virginia town only one hundred and thirty-five years old, and make his pall-bearer seventy-six years old instead of a plausible age, were extreme improbabilities. Could a correspondent be so deep? Moreover, the only ship-load of early emigrants to Virginia whose names are entirely unknown sailed with Argall soon after Shakespeare's death (1616), reaching Virginia in 1617. The pall-bearer was a myth—that was certain; but the myth must have a basis. In the absence of any explanation, the myth was growing luxuriantly.

* * * * *

"Talking with my mother of old tombs in Stafford County, she remembered driving with her father near Potomac Run, when he copied an inscription from an ancient stone standing by itself in a lonely place, about a mile from ruins of a church. She remembered no word of the inscription, but had heard it was a spot to be avoided after "sundown." But in casual conversation with my uncle, Dr. Daniel, I learned that the stone was that

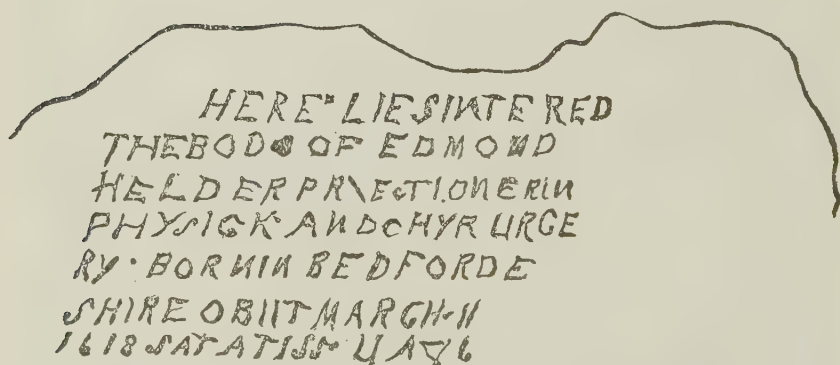
of a British "chirurgion." There was a tradition that a party had anchored in the creek and come to this region, where one of them was killed by Indians. Plainly this was the stone on which the myth of the pall-bearer was built. My mother assured me I would find nothing about Shakespeare on it; her father was a lover of the bard, and would have made the country ring with any such epitaph.

"In company with St. George Fitzhugh, a lawyer of Fredericksburg, I started out on a bright September morning for a search after the Helder stone. We passed over the shining Rappanhanock with its green islet, paused to observe the distant hills of Falmouth on one hand and the region of Washington's boyhood on the other, drove past well-remembered old mansions amid their stately trees, and at last reached the lonely valley through which glides the Potomac Run. It was almost a surprise when we saw two men in a corn field. They tried hard to remember a tombstone, but could not. They went with us to the site of Potomac Church. When I was last there it was still a picturesque ruin; but armies used its bricks for hearths, and now one can only trace the walls in their debris. No gravestone being found here, we returned to Potomac "Run," drove in the water a little way, then took a primitive road by its side for a half-mile. Fortunately for our progress there had been a drought; even as it was, our wheels sank deep in mire. The road was so little used that we had to remove a small tree fallen across it. At length we saw the railway bridge, and on climbing a hill, north bank of the "run," a house. When we drew up in front of this house an aged man came out of it, whom I had seen in early life—a Mr. Taliaferro. The house belonged to a widow, Mrs. Alexander. In reply to our questions, he said: "Yes, there used to be a tombstone over there on the edge of Willow Grove Farm, which was broken by the Northern soldiers. Mr. Cox, who afterward occupied the farm, removed the larger part of the stone to the sugar-berry tree yonder, against which it was left leaning for a long time. A few years ago Mrs. Alexander was building a kitchen at her old place" (pointing to a spot about four hundred yards away), "and somebody brought the stone for the chimney. But it was not used, and was left lying near the chimney. Last August the kitchen burned down, and the chimney fell; the hot bricks covered the old tombstone, burneed its surface, and I doubt if you could now find any letters on it." On our way to the burnt house I asked Mr. Taliaferro whether he remembered the inscription. He said it had been many years since he read it, but he remembered the name, "Helder"—"Daniel Helder," he thought, or maybe "D. Helder;" that he was a doctor, and the date "16—something."

"The name of Shakespeare on it?" "No, that was not on it." "Did you ever hear of a tombstone of Shakespeare's pall-bearer being in Fredericksburg?" "Yes; I read it last year in a New York weekly paper, and noticed that the name 'Helder' was the same as that on the old stone out here." The burnt house was as the fire left it. The debris and bricks were



APPEARANCE OF THE STONE IN 1885.



DRAWING MADE BY C. J. BROWN IN 1861.

in such a condition that it would have required a day to make any thorough search. But one end of the stone we were searching for was visible, and on clearing away the bricks, its surface was found to be charred black and white. The ordeal of snows and rains, following that of fire, had only required a year to complete the work of destruction. No word could be traced. I called on Mrs. Alexander, who said: "When the stone was first brought, I said it should not go into any chimney of mine, because it was a tombstone, and was sacred. I am afraid to say much about the stone, only I am certain the name was 'Helder,' that he was a physician, and 16 was in the year of his death. Last year we read in a newspaper something that made me think this might be the stone spoken of, and I was sorry I had not paid attention to it. Many years before the war, Mr. Campbell, then editor of the Fredericksburg *Democratic Recorder*, came with my father (Robert Alexander, foreman in the printing-office) and copied the inscription for his newspaper. I was a child, but remember the visit, and feel sure the epitath was then printed. I never heard any tradition concerning Dr. Helder, nor any superstition connected with the spot where he was burned."

"We next repaired to the sugar-berry tree, and found a number of sunken graves there. They were in a row, and we concluded that they had been graves of soldiers whose bodies were removed after the Soldiers' Cemetery was completed. Close to the tree were two long stones, which I determined to dig up. A laborer brought from a neighboring house said they were natural stones; but when dug up—a difficult job, the tree's roots having surrounded them—they proved to be worked on the under side, though no letters were found. I concluded that these were fragments of the Helder stone—by all accounts large and massive—and suspected that the story of its removal from its original place to this tree must be legendary. Possibly the site of the Helder stone had been chosen for these recent burials as grounds that might be consecrated. A week after finding the stone I learned that the inscription had been preserved by Mr. C. J. Brown, now of Byfield, Massachusetts. Having been sent a map of the neighborhood, Mr. Brown marked the spot where the stone stood, and it was precisely that of the sugar-berry tree (which he thought a wild cherry, but describes exactly); so that the story of its removal from another place is discredited. "I was," writes Mr. Brown, "a soldier of the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, and for a few days in August, 1862, my company was on guard duty on the railroad near Potomac Creek. One day, while off duty, I was wandering round, and stumbled upon the old tombstone. . . . I took a great deal of pains in making my copy, making it as nearly a fac-simile as possible, copying the curious formation of the letters, the manner of spelling, and the division of the words, and I am very sure the copy is correct."

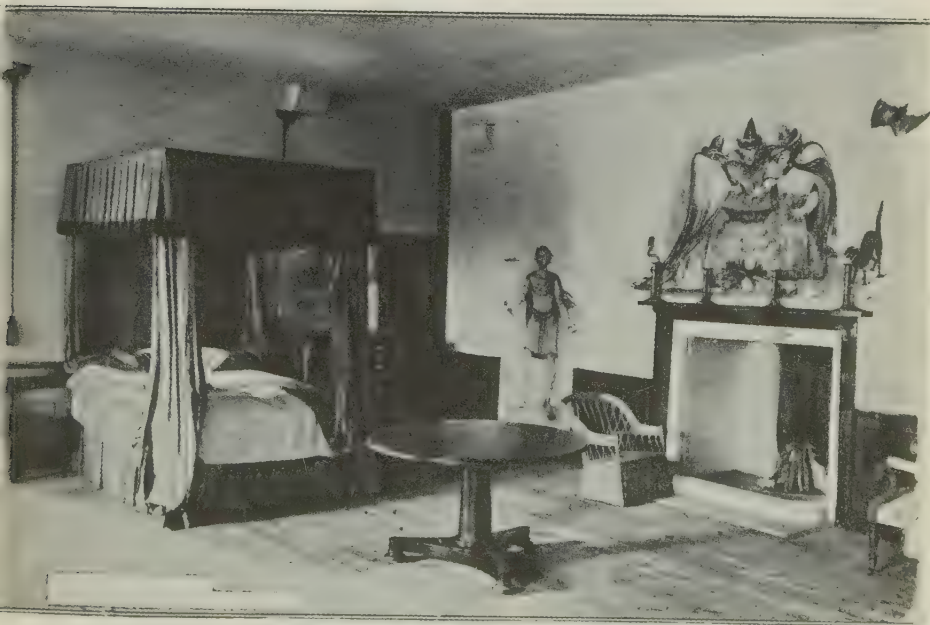
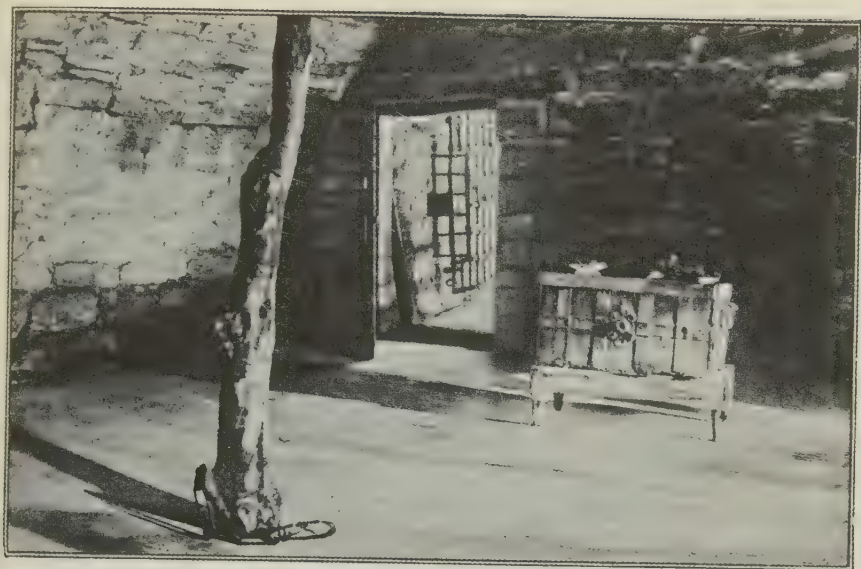
I hardly think the soldiers could have broken up the stone for any such purpose as you suggest, for it was of granite or hard sandstone, at least four feet in length by twenty inches in width and six inches thick. All of the hearths thereabout are made of brick brought from the ruins of an old

church further down the creek. The stone was too firmly embedded in the earth for me to move; the top was somewhat broken but not enough to interfere with the lettering which was very distinct. If you can translate the bottom line I would be pleased to see the translation. This is the sketch I made, the line, at the top indicates the shape of the top of the stone, as it has crumbled or broken off." (Mr. Conway now resumes) Then follows "ATATIS SUA—76," that is "Aetatis sua." (However faulty the sculptor's latinity his English is careful. Witness the "ti" in Precitioner). My brother, a resident of Fredericksburg undertook to remove the stone for me. He found near by a second fragment which exactly fits the top of the larger piece; on this are two distinct letters and a slight mark probably part of an R doubtless these are the beginning of the word "here." This stone is now one foot four inches in height and one foot three inches in width, and six and one half inches thick. The letters are one and one half inches tall and of about the same width. My reader (continues Mr. Conway) has now a picture of the surgeon's gravestone as set nearly two hundred and sixty-eight years ago (Mr. Conway is writing in 1885) under which what remains of the fictitious pall-bearer of Shakespeare." now rests. It will never be known who first served up this surgeon as a Shakespeare figure. One can forgive him, since he has been the means of discovering to the New World its oldest English epitath."

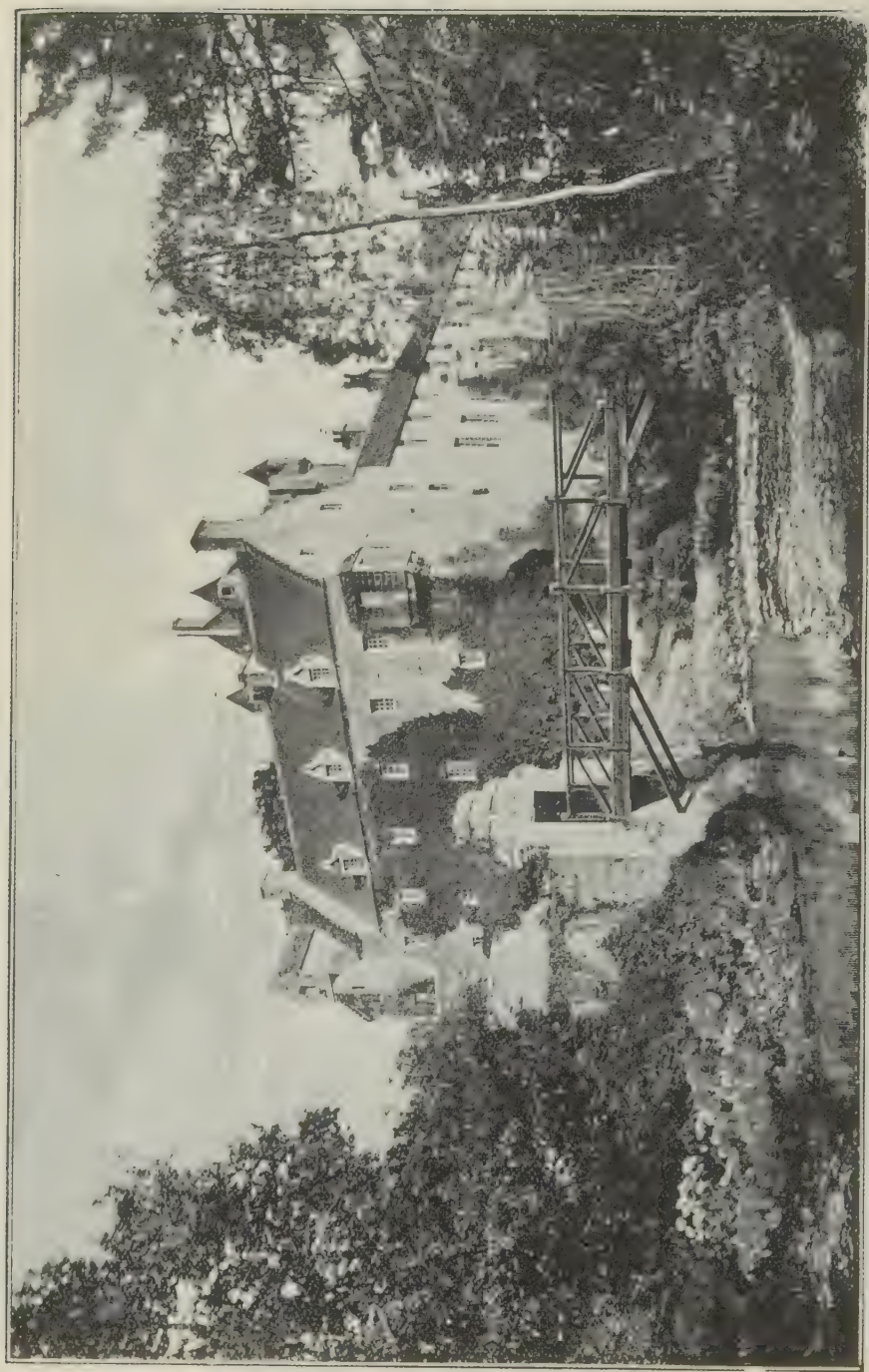
So, thanks to Mr. Conway, the only (I may affectionately say, "our only") Shakespeare Hoax was carefully laid away in 1885. And that it was laid away forever appears from the fact that although four of the terms of five years assigned as its periodicity have glided by, it has had no more newspaper syndicated resurrections! Still, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says, "You never can tell." But the mystery of the young Federal soldier's diary—copy of the mythical instead of the actual form of the epitath is only deepened by Mr. Conway's narrative. For, while that soldier's presence in the vicinity of the stone is amply accounted for by the camps of Federal soldiery in the neighborhood in the troublous years 1861-62, it seems far and away unlikely for an individual soldier to have preserved the canard when the verity was at his elbow.

However, upon reading the interesting story it flashed upon me that there was a something or another in that poem that just chorded with the details given by Mr. Conway—that possibly this Ananias of a Syndicator and the poet might be one and the same person. So I used what "pull" I seemed to have at the time with the aforementioned Managing Editor, and, after some small finesse elsewhere, obtained the name and address of the Syndicator himself. As I had suspected it was LORING! though like Mr. Harris's B'rer Rabbit he laid low when specifically approached and answered no letters mailed him with return postage enclosed. Whether, initially, the very same "Loring," I am afraid I am not now so certain. However, here is the tale that hangs thereby!

APPLETON MORGAN.



DUNGEON IN CAWDOR CASTLE.
BED CHAMBER IN WHICH KING DUNCAN WAS MURDERED.



CAWDOR CASTLE—INVERNESS, SCOTLAND

MARGINALIA

IN OUR ISSUE FOR JULY, 1903-1904, WE WERE ABLE TO PRESENT OUR READERS with pictures of Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, which still remains precisely as in his day. But Hamlet's is not the only habitat which still mocks the tooth of cormorant devouring Time. The Castle of Macbeth, thane of Glamis, and of Cawdor—Cawdor Castle—built in the year 1446, also still stands, and we this month print pictures of its exterior and of two of its interiors. It stands just outside of the village still called "Cawdor," at Inverness, in Scotland, and if it does not happen to rain when the tourist approaches it (and it sometimes does not rain in Scotland) he will exclaim, as Duncan did, "This castle hath a pleasant seat, the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself to our senses." During its many centuries of life, Cawdor Castle has accumulated many wings, "outer walls" and new interiors, and so the great hall where the deed of dreadful note was first resolved may not be at present located (and, for once, tradition has not selected one of them). But a chamber where that deed may have been done there is in one of the oldest parts of the old pile and is shown in our picture. For several years this chamber has been tendered by the present Thane of Cawdor—one of the Campbell family (the present owners of the property) as a bedroom for one night's lodging to any artist who will as quid pro quo paint upon its walls a picture of some incident of the tragedy according to Shakespeare. That not many artists have cared for such a night's lodging on any terms we are led to guess from the fact that only four pictures are on that chamber's walls. Lady Macbeth in her night robe; Macbeth with the fatal dagger drawn; the brindle cat that mewed thrice, and the owl, the fatal belman! as well as the three secret black and midnight hags over the chaldron! All these, except Lady Macbeth are to be seen included in our picture! Another picture is that of the dungeon, which has its age guaranteed by an actual trunk of a tree that grew on the site of the castle before the first of its stones were laid. The story is, that two chieftians of the Macbeth-Cawdor clan were once sent with a pony, on whose back was strapped a treasure chest (shown in our picture), to select a site for this castle; and that, being unable to agree upon a site, they left it to the pony, agreeing to build wherever said pony

stopped to graze, and that he stopped under the tree of which this is the remnant trunk. If we could perhaps be allowed to imagine Macbeth's drunken porter betimes cast into this dungeon to sleep himself into sobriety we could get along without the tree. The old portcullis and drawbridge are, at any rate, ancient enough in appearance to satisfy us that they must have been there in Macbeth's time, while over the portcullis is surely still swinging the bell whose dour note was to summon Glamis and Cawdor to heaven or to hell.

SHAKESPEARE'S HUMBLE BUMBLE BEE:—HON. HENRY M. DOAK, FROM HIS seat at Cedarnwold, among the mountains of Tennessee, has noted that every allusion to the Bumble Bee (or "Humble Bee," as Shakespeare calls him) is borne out by that insect as making his haunts among his fellow creatures here. "Kill me a red hipped bumble bee on the top of a thistle."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV:i-12. "The red-tailed bumble bee I speak of."—*Alls Well*, IV:v. 7. Writes Mr. Doak: The honey of the thistle lies too deep for the honey-bee; and, while the red clover field is his especial charge, no thistle blossom upon any careless lawn, but, sometime during every day, will be found contrasting its delicate purple with the bumble-bee's blazing orange. This thistle-top is his favorite perch. Bumble-bees of England differ from those of America in slight particulars, one variety being described as "red, down to the apex;" the "carder" as "back, dull orange, hinder parts ringed with greyish yellow;" the "lapidary" as "black with reddish orange tail;" so that Shakespeare may well describe him as "red-hipped," or as "red-tailed." In both American and English varieties the color so extends from hip to tail that almost any species might be described by either compound adjective. American bumble-bees, of which we have about forty varieties, are chiefly orange. The "borer" wears his colors well down to the tail and the common field or meadow bumble-bee might well be called "orange-hipped."

Upon the bumble-bee is laid the pleasing task of fertilising red clover. The honey-bee, while feasting upon white clover, leaves the red to his congener, the bumble-bee, because, like the thistle, its honey is beyond his reach; and he may also have his own views upon its flavor. The bees of Australia either could not, or did not, fertilise red clover, so that bumble-bees were transported from England for that purpose. I note a curious fact in this connection, not mentioned so far as I know. The honey-bee is the earliest bee out, gleaning honey from the first-blooming trees, some varieties of elm, some varieties of maple, with a few wild flowers of spring, usually as early as February. The bumble-bee does not hibernate like the honey-bee. He is essentially a warm-natured, "hot-foot," warm-weather insect. Only a few hibernated females appear early, going about the work of nest-building and reproduction. Many queens are thus found in one nest, whereas only one queen is tolerated in the bee-hive. None, no man at least, who knows the ways of the female sex, will doubt that this demonstrates the superior wisdom of the honey-bee. It follows that humble-bees

are not out in numbers until comparatively late in summer and too late to fertilise the first crop of red clover. At least it is true that the first crop is unfertile, little seeded, and has never been cut for seed in England or America since it was first introduced into England, some three or four centuries ago. Shakespeare writes the name of this only just inferior congener of the sagacious and no more industrious honey-bee, "humble-bee." The Germans call this glorious orange and blue-black bee "hummel," and the French name him "bourdon," both imitating his buzzing drone, as he wings his way across field and meadow or hovers over some sweet flower-cup. The dictionaries insist that "humble-bee" is English and "bumble-bee" provincial English. I am sure that Dickens used good English when he called his fussy beadle, "Mr. Bumble." "Humble-bee," is a word resulting from an effort to naturalize the German "hummel." Unfortunately, when it should have been spelled "hummel-bee" it has taken the form "humble," as if from where he builds his lowly nest. True, he build-eth his abode lowlier than where Burns' spiteful muirfowl bigs his nest"; but his spicy breath has no flavor of humility. Of insects he is least humble of all. He is as lordly and imperious, as fiery and as rapacious as the medieval knights who sallied forth from their castle-hives,

"As bees biz out wi' angry fyke,

When plundering herds assail their byke,"

As many a bumble-bee-fighting urchin has found out to his cost. Again,

"The fox, the ape and the humble-bee

Were still at odds," etc.—*Love's Labors Lost* III:i-96.

We note that the wasp can only sting. He is not worth fighting. He knows no touch of "glorious war," nor can "set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knows, more than a spinster." The yellow-jacket is a good fighter at home. The bumble-bee alone of insects waxes hot in pursuit, is relentless in anger and stays with his enemies, often assaulting a crowd of boys. Only utmost nerve can save his victim from the "hot-foot," once he has started in pursuit. If the boy, who has attacked the nest with branch and bough, can fall down and lie still and scarce breathe, it will buzz and buzz and never sting.

'The honey-bags steal from the bumble-bees.'—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III: 1-142.

"And, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag."—*Ib.*, IV:i-12.

If genius goes beyond us in thought and in fancy, it is always a pleasure to know that we all root back together in common facts of humanity. Let us believe that Shakespeare fought bumble-bees, as my playmates made their first essays in dash, courage and staying qualities in fighting bumble-bees, which afterwards crystalized into deeds when they divided, almost equally, in a great civil strife. There is renewed admiration for genius and no envy in the thought that genius has lived with us a common life, whence it has taken unto itself wings. So Shakespeare, like other boys, from his day down to this time, ran over the rudely clover fields, knocking down

the bumble-bee, dexterously laying him open twixt thumbs and forefingers and "stealing" the sweet spoils, devouring with greedy sweet-tooth the little honey-bag with its amber drop of such honey as Hybla, nor Hymettus ever stored in darksome hive, or shadowed "bee-tree." Else, how have known, as he seems to have known all nature, twice in one play to insist upon the honey-bag spoils? Finally,

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey and his sting."—Troll. & Cres., V:x-42.

Beyond question, the honey-bee loses his life in stinging, although he does not die immediately. It is assumed that his congeners, likewise stinging one day, do not live to fight another day, a fact easily proved as to the domestic bee, but more difficult, if true, to observe in the wild varieties.

It requires a nice ear to distinguish the bagpipe music of the bumble-bee from Shakespeare's "shard-borne beetle's drowsy hum." The "bumble" of the bee is more musical and has a bit wider range upon the musical scale. Its name, "bumble-bee," is an almost exact imitation of the sound and far superior to the German "hummel" and the French "bourdon," although each is fairly imitative. It is keenest of sensuous delights to lie beneath the shade of a "wide-spreading beech," upon the meadow's margin, and watch the bumble-bee's orange shuttle weave golden threads athwart the shimmering summer air and to hear his drowsy hum, as he fills the clover field with his deep droning bass.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Subject to second and extended review in subsequent issues.]

- 131 A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, M. A., Ph. D., L. H. D., LL. D., Litt. D. Vol. XIV. *Love's Labors Lost*. Imperial 8vo. cloth. pp. 401. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
- 132 The Old Spelling Shakespeare. *Love's Labors Lost*. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M. A., Ph. D., Litt. Roxburghe sm. quarto pp. 80. London: Alexander Moring.
- 133 The First Folio Shakespeare: *Love's Labors Lost*. Edited with Notes, Introductions, Glossaries, Variorum Readings and Critical Comments, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Cloth, 16mo. pp. 265. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- 134 A Life of William Shakespeare. By William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. Cloth, royal, 8vo. pp. 551, illustrated. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.
- 135 A General Glossary to Shakespeare's Works. By Alexander Dyce. Adapted for reference to the Cambridge Text. Royal, 8 vo. pp. 438. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.
- 136 Collotype Facsimile and Type Transcript of an Elizabethan Manuscript Preserved at Alnwick Castle, Northumberland. [The Northumberland Manuscript.] Transcribed and edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Frank J. Burgoyne, Librarian of the Lambeth Public Libraries. Quarto, cloth, pp. 24-166 and 90 plates. New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. \$28.00.
- 137 Elizabethan Critical Essays. Edited, with an Introduction, by G. Gregory Smith. Cloth, 2 vol. pp. 430-509. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.
- 138 Some Readers of Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, A. M. Cloth, 8vo. pp. 62-358. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- 139 Natural History in Shakespeare's Time. By H. H. W. Seager. 12mo. cloth, pp. 360. London: Elliot Stock.
- 120 In Shakespeare's England. By Mrs. Frederick Boas, author of Eng-

- lish History for Children. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 296. London and New York: James Pott & Co.
- 140 The Queen's Progress and Other Elizabethan Sketches. By Felix E. Schelling. Sq. 8vo. cloth, pp. 267. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- 141 William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher. A drama by Richard Garnett. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 111. New York and London: John Lane, the Bodley Head.
- 142 William Shakespeare, His Family and Friends. By the late Charles Isaac Elton, one of her late Majesty's counsel; author of "The Tenures of Kent," "The Origins of English History," etc. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson, with a Memoir of the author by Andrew Lang. Cloth, royal, 8vo. pp. 521. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.00 net.
- 143 The Sonnets of Shakespeare, with an Introduction and Notes. By H. C. Beeching, M. A., D. Litt. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 144. Boston: Ginn & Co., the Athanæum Press.
- 144 The Dowden Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Craig. The Taming of the Shrew. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by R. Warwick Bond. All's Well That Ends Well. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. Osborne Brigstocke. 2 vol. pp. xl-53, lix-164. Cloth, gilt. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
- 145 Shakespeare's Town and Times. By H. Snowdon Ward and Catharine Weed Ward, Fellows of the Royal Photographic Society and editors of The Photogram. Illustrated, pp. 175, with map, cloth, gilt de luxe. London: Dawrarn & Ward.
- 146 Der Weg in Shakespeare. Von Theodore Eichhoff. 8vo. paper, pp. 162. Halle: Max Niemeyer. 3 marks 60.
- The Elizabethan Shakespeare. Edited by Mark Harvey Liddell. Macbeth, the cheaper edition. Sm. folio, cloth, pp. 247. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.
- 147 The Poems of Henry Abbey. Fourth edition, enlarged. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 360. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- 125 Schriften der Deutschen Shakespeare. Gesellschaft. Band II. David Garrick als Shakespeare Darsteller und seine bedeutung für die heutige Schauspielkunst. Von Christian Gähde. 8vo. paper, pp. 200. Berlin: George Reimer. 4.50 marks.
- 149 Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light. By Robert M. Theobald, M. D. Cloth, 8vo. pp. 500. The second edition. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.
- 150 The Baconian Mint. Its claims examined by William Willis. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.
- 131 Dr. Horace Howard Furness' last Variorum, the Love's Labors Lost, has appeared, and while no Shakespearean has ever been able to find words to express too high a praise for the plan, scope and execution of these splendid volumes, we will all be obliged to admit that this last one

passes—if to surpass absolute perfection is possible—them all. The lateness at which we get the volume precludes any attempt at adequate review at present, and we can only promise to recur to the work at an early date. But we have time to note that for the first time in the thirty-two years during which Dr. Furness has been engaged upon this edition, he has alluded but only in the most casual and dignified way to the Bacon theory, which has been hurtling in the air around him all the time. Noting that Mr. Devecmon's book on the Legalisms in the Plays, published by the New York Shakespeare Society, calls attention to a vicious use of the word "statute" in this play, an error which no lawyer could possibly make. Dr. Furness observes "In these latter days, when ignorance tampers with Shakespeare's venerable name, we are actually come to welcome proofs of his inaccuracy and that he was not the wisest of mankind." We are afraid Baconians specifically, too, will find little of comfort and much of despair in Dr. Furness' handling of the very passages upon which they banked so heavily in this particular play for occult assistance. Dr. Furness shows that the "B A spelled backward" was simply the "A B—AB" of the horn-book and his long annotation of the honorificabilitudinitatibus (if we have got it all in) will send Dr. Platt back to his cryptic authorities for mehr licht, while his explanation of the "Abate throw at Novum" is so simple that any Baconist will marvel to mark how plain a tale shall put him down. But we must find early opportunity to unfold the secrets of this treasure house of erudition and consummate patience and editorial skill of which this latest Variorum volume is the usufruct.

Love's Labors Lost was pronounced, not so many years ago, the worst of Shakespeare's plays. Gildon, in 1710, set the pace by saying it was the very worst of them all, and to set a pace in Shakespeare things is dangerous, for commentators follow each other like sheep the bell wether. One commentator said he was glad it was so little read. The next commentator declared that for the sake of Shakespeare's reputation it was fortunate that Love's Labors Lost was so seldom read and so next to never played, and so on. But, in our later days, those who did read Love's Labors Lost found it great. Found it not only a charming story of the flirtation of noble lords and ladies turned from attention without intention on the part of the lords into love-making au grand sérieux and the punishment of them by the ladies themselves by putting them on probation, thus justifying the title of the play itself. And, mingled with all this, the entirely foreign purpose (could any purpose be more foreign to a love story) of burlesquing the new fangled "Academies" by making all classes of persons, from court circles to village numbskulls, form themselves into these groups—this Academic of Numbskulls to do its ratiocination and Socratic hair-splitting out of the horn-book and Lily's Latin Grammar, the only learned writings they knew anything about! But what human being under the canopy of azure except William Shakespeare could have so blended those two most dissimilar of earthly things—a lampoon on pretended scholarship

and a story of flirtation turned into love sickness—into one plot and counter-plot so that one could not be told or develope without the other and so that both should work out together into an identical denoument? Was there ever worked out anywhere a tougher problem in dramatic ingenuity? The prevailing impression has always been that there was no known source of the real plot of this play, though minor sources of its incidents (as the sending of Catherine de Medici and the most beautiful woman of the French Court as an embassy to the King of Navarre, and the names of Biron and Longaville gentlemen waiting upon the King, were first pointed out by Joseph Hunter in 1845)—that young Shakespeare—tired of furbishing up old histories and not yet arrived at the indolence of genius which borrowed a plot for treatment to save the labor of devising one—really invents the story (to be re-used in Tennyson's *Princess* three hundred years later) of an association of persons, who for studious intent, should forswear the opposite sex, but find Nature too strong for them, and that his bent for good-natured satire on things about him could not spare the new societies and literary clubs that the age of Renascent learning was perhaps already overdoing a little as "Academies." But that the story—the plot—was all his own. But now Dr. Furness (whose eye nothing escapes) draws attention to Herr W. A. B. Hertzberg's unearthing (*Liebes, Leid & Lust*, Berlin, 1869) of a comedy by one Andreas Gryphius, printed at Breslau about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, called "*Horribilicribrifax*," in which two braggart soldiers, a conceited pedant, a foxy little page and an absurd lover figure; the place of Costard being supplied by an unsavory procuress, but in which a love letter is written for the lover as in Shakespeare's play by a village schoolmaster. Moreover, it is in Latin that most of the word catching is done and Armado's speech (I.ii.160) "I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which i basest) doth tread" finds its resemblance in the wind-up of the said letter "From him who kisses the ground | where grew the grass | devoured by the fox from whose hide was made | the soles of your shoes," | etc., etc. Surely, if this is the model, here, as always, in minute things as in big ones, nullum quod tetegit non ornavit.

134 We sincerely congratulate Dr. Rolfe upon his "*Life of Shakespeare*" and predict that it will become standard. There are, of course, two methods of writing a life of Shakespeare. There is the skeleton plan, which will give the comparatively few facts labored out of the records (though they are by no means so few as some suppose), and there is the flatulent plan—like that of Mr. Mabie's "*Life*"—where pleonasm and superlatives flow like water at a White House dinner in a Hayes administration. Dr. Rolfe has evaded both of these temptations. Without declining to weigh any surmise, he has approached the biography at the proper chronological distances and assessed (and, we think, temperately assessed) the latent presumptions for or against each—the weight of conjecture, the equipment of the scholar who favored this proposition or who combatted that, or who would have none

of the other or of any of them all. And, in our humble opinion, this is exactly how to write a life of Shakespeare. And, as we say, we sincerely congratulate Dr. Rolfe. Manifestly the deftest way to write a life of Shakespeare is to write of him in the order in which his plays appeared, or in which they appear to have appeared. There is no other way to do it at all. And while, not consenting for an instant to the folly of determining this order of appearance by means of some variant of Shakespeare's Prosody (Query—Why not by some variant of his prose?) or by some sentiment put into the mouth of some character in some play, yet some such proposition as that Shakespeare found, as he progressed in play-writing, that his actors delivered blank-verse more fluently than they did rhymed couplets, and so abandoned the writing of whole plays in rhyme (and in our opinion this is all there is of those consummately silly verse tests which the English commentators—and plenty of American ones, too—seemed to have gone daft over about twenty years ago) is rational and acceptable enough for a working hypothesis, and we think that Bathurst was the first to propose it. But Dr. Rolfe, however he may have once been led away by the Neo Shakespeareans, amply admits now that Shakespeare was a dramatist and too consummate a dramatist to have written himself, and his moods, and his private affairs into his plays or to have worn his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. And this book is admirable in its candid openness to all opinions on all these points. We are glad to see that Dr. Rolfe acknowledges in almost every line his indebtedness to Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps. Nobody will think the less of Dr. Rolfe's own learning on that account, and his honesty ought to make the handful of young Englishmen who have kindly taken up Shakespeare this last year or so, and who are exploiting him only subordinate to a proposition that no such man as Halliwell-Phillipps ever lived, ashamed of themselves. And perhaps it will. Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps was a gentleman who was fortunate enough to possess not only the instincts of an archæologist and the love of Shakespeare, but the private fortune which enabled him to gratify both to the full, without being obliged to constantly demonstrate to a learned society all he expected to find if he was allowed to draw on a reluctant exploration fund. And the "Outlines" (the ninth edition of which he had the satisfaction of completing before death deprived us of his services) is a monument to his great care and rectitude of purpose, no less than to his great conservative ability. No life of Shakespeare (some recent British ones to the contrary notwithstanding) has ever been written, nor we suppose ever will be in sæcula sæculorum written, that is not and will not be more or less compiled from the contents of those two noble volumes, the ninth edition of the Halliwell-Phillipps "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare." The only possible disagreement we can have with Dr. Rolfe, and we mention this from an interested motive naturally, is where he says that in this work he has "given a fuller account of the typographical peculiarities of the First Folio than can be found elsewhere. Dr. Rolfe forgets the twenty volumes of the

Bankside Shakespeare, which not only reproduced these peculiarities, but each head-piece, tail-piece, broken type, logotype, superimposed type, etc., etc., and compaed all of these, one by one, with the corresponding quarto typography, and then not only described them, but discussed their bearing on the cruces Shakespeareana. And also (Dr. Rolfe might have mentioned that) upon the Baconian theory. Dr. Rolfe says he cannot call anybody who even examines the Bacon theory a "critic." But while the utmost one can say about the Baconian theory is less than we will most heartily subscribe to, Dr. Rolfe should not forget how intensely the study of it has stimulated Shakespearean investigation and searching of records. He should not forget that that theory has brought out many a fact for Orthodox Shakespeareans to appropriate, and that—if its fuller exploitations has induced some who came to scoff to remain to pray—it ought to come in for gentle treatment at the hands of the biographers of gentle Shakespeare.

135 That admirable editor, Alexander Dyce, was the first to include in an edition of Shakespeare, we think, a Glossary which should use that term as significant of much more than mere definitions of unusual words and his "Glossary" was the best and the most helpful of attached supraleghomena up to his editorial date. Its references were, however, only to Mr. Dyce's own edition, so that it was usable as machiolated to that particular edition only. The Glossary has now been carefully adjusted to the line-numbering of the Cambridge Shakespeare (which is the substantial numbering by fives of all the modern editions) and until the Bankside plan of numbering every line, stage directions and all, according to the First Folio justifications, is, as we hope it some day will be, adopted, will doubtless continue to be the best. This Glossary is now issued in a handsome volume by Messrs. Dana, Estes & Co., of Boston, uniform with Dr. Rolfe's "Life," and the two form a most desirable set of books for the student and for any library.

125 Besides its famous Jahrbuch, the German Shakespeare Society, which, by the way, has always loyally spelled Shakespeare as he is entitled to have his name spelled, and as even Dr. Furnivall—irascible and uncompromising as he was in his youth—has now consented to spell it (leaving Col. Joyce, Prof. Brander Matthews and the editor of the New York Evening Post alone a gallant band of "Shaksperans")—the German Shakespeare Society has lately begun to print a series of "Papers." The initial one was Herr Anders' fine "Shakespeare's Books," reviewed in a late issue. This is the second. It is an elaborate—a painfully elaborate—account of David Garrick—Dr. Johnson's "Little Davy." But, while we are sensible of the immense labour necessary to its compilation, we must confess we can't see that the game is worth the candle. In the perspective we can't see that Garrick was so very enormous. He played Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, or any other Shakespeare character, in the Court dress of his date (the English Court dress, of course) and his leading ladies purchased the discarded Court dresses of the ladies-in-waiting on royalty to play Ophelia, Cordelia, etc., in. However, the work may be of value as reference for those who

wish to refer to it to write another book just like it, or to read up on the obsolete theatrical conditions of a date long since superceded as to its methods and its conditions. Dr. Johnson's hyperbole over his friend and early pupil, Davy, has about travelled to its final. David Garrick was a London, and not an international, actor. He was not much known to his contemporaries other than his English ones and the "Gaiety of Nations" was not perhaps very seriously "eclipsed" by his lamented payment of the debt of Nature. The book seems to us not worth the trouble to write it.

130 We have rarely met with a more readable book than this, even if upon a subject usually supposed to be archaic and so only of interest to followers up of bye-gone things. But Mrs. Boas makes everything charming, and nobody who reads a book at all could fail to become absorbed in her confidential way; that sweet calm of style which is just between narrative and suggestion, which carries the reader along until he finds himself interested to know more about Elizabethan things than even Mrs. Boas will tell him. The chapters touching "Country Life," "Sir Thomas Gresham and, the Merchant Life of London," "Schools and Universities," "Archbishop Parker, the Jesuits and Independents," "Elizabethan Seaman." "The Armada, Lords Howard and Essex," "Lord Burghley, Robert Cecil and Sir Francis Walsingham," are unusual and intimate chapters of narrative. And in the other chapters dealing with more familiar themes, such as "Marlowe," "Queen Elizabeth," "Spenser," "Sidney," "Bacon," "Raleigh," we find ourselves, however on familiar ground, reading over again just for the delightful way in which the stories are retold. This is a book which should be selected by all means as a Christmas or birthday present for a young lady or gentleman, and they must keep it under lock and key, or their fathers and mothers will steal a first reading of it.

136 Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have presented in a luxurious folio the famous Northumberland Manuscript, which Mr. Spedding, in his great edition of Bacon's works, called attention to, but did not use. This manuscript has remained in Northumberland House since about the year 1685 and at some unascertainable time went through a fire, which burned the edges of all the twenty-one sheets on which it is written. That is all that is known about it, not even of the fire which burned it is there a record. These twenty-one sheets have been carefully split (a fearful labour it must have been on account of their irregular charred edges), mounted upon muslin and collotyped here in admirable effect. The editor gives a translation into modern types of the whole and a fac-simile in modern script of the most important page—the outside page upon which (as Dr. Platt describes for us ante Vol. II., page 122) the names of Shakespeare and Bacon and of divers of Shakespeare's and of Bacon's respective works occur for the only time in juxtaposition. Besides this cover, which is, of course, to the Baconian theorists what the Rosetta stone is to Patristic critics, the manuscript (or manuscripts, for there are several of them) contain (1) Four speeches of Bacon's in praise of Queen Elizabeth (we have heretofore,

ante Vol. II., page 122, designated them) and they were printed many years ago with a fac-simile of the famous cover in a quarto entitled "A Conference of Pleasure"; (2) A short essay of his "On Magnanimity"; (3) "An Advertisement touching Private Censure" (not elsewhere used by Bacon); (4) "An Advertisement touching the controversies of the Church" (one of which is not elsewhere used); (5) A letter touching procedure in ecclesiastical cases; (6) Speeches on the occasion of a tilt before the Queen in 1595; (7) A speech by the Earl of Sussex; (8) Sydney's letter to the Queen concerning the French marriage, and (9) A partial copy of "Leycester's Commonwealth." But here a new speculative value to this perplexing manuscript presents itself. The "Leicester's Commonwealth" was a tremendous attack upon Lord Leicester, purporting to relate particulars of his lordship's sins, his crimes, his amours, his revolting habits, etc., etc. So scurrilous was it and indecent that no English printer would print it and so it was somehow put into type in Antwerp and smuggled into the country by unascertained means. Queen Elizabeth pronounced it "most malicious, false and scandalous and such as none but an incarnate devil himself could dream to be true," which, of course, led to its enormous circulation and perusal in camera. The thing made about two hundred pages of a small quarto volume and here is copied in the same scrivener's hand with the rest of the manuscripts, all except about the first third of it. The question will, therefore, arise—cannot fail to arise—Was Lord Bacon the unknown and unsuspected author of "Leicester's Commonwealth?" A Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse has lately published in London an interesting monograph on the manuscript, in which he seeks to identify John Davies, of Hereford, a professional scrivener, and the most skillful penman of his time, whose profession it was to copy documents for his various employers, and also to give instruction in the art of writing, as the writer of the scribe on the cover, as well as the copyist of the entire manuscript. Davies was employed for some time by the Earl of Northumberland (in the possession of whose descendants the manuscript now is) and instructed the Earl's family in his art. He was also a scholar, educated at Oxford University, and a writer of numerous sonnets, among them several addressed to the Earl and Countess of Northumberland and other members of their family, and one addressed to Francis Bacon. Mr. Douse suggests that, while the document was possibly presented by Bacon to the Earl of Northumberland, it is still more probable that Davies copied it under instructions for Northumberland's own use from originals loaned by Lord Bacon. A renewed interest in this line of investigation presents itself to our ken when we find that this same scrivener, John Davies, who Mr. Douse believes was the copyer of this famous Northumberland manuscript (whose contents are so largely Bacon's, and whose cover bears the name of Bacon and of Shakespeare, too) was the identical man whom Mr. Ashhurst (ante Vol. II., page 138) identified as the person whom Bacon asked to "be good to concealed poets," but who calls Shakespeare "our English Terence" and held

the opinion that, but for his profession, Shakespeare would have attained the highest possible (social?) position.

147 The fourth edition of Mr. Abbey's Poems has won great encomium from the press of England and America, and the work of this sterling poet and real interpreter of Nature and of Human Nature is now, as we knew it would, beginning to attract the attention it always merited. To look into the seeds of Time and see which will grow and which will not was given all in all to our Shakespeare only. And yet we must allow that the following comes rather nearly to that divination. In the pages of our brilliant contemporary, the Booklover's Magazine, there lately appeared a paper entitled "The Sun; is it Heaven?" the theory that "The sun is not hot, that it's rays are not hot and do not directly heat the earth; that the sun furnishes the electric power, and the earth heats itself, its rays being wire-less electricity from the sun's photosphere, or corona, which is convertible into electric light, heat, and all vital force." But in the first edition of Mr. speare himself makes Duke Theseus apply to all poetry: "that which apprehends the same proposition—where Jupiter decrees that

"This day thou shalt recall thy frenzied steeds
O Phœbus! and to-morrow drive them forth
To gild the world and give new beauty life.
And Vulcan, thou shalt mend the chariot—
Refix the silvery, electric spokes
In their coronal tires; and I, myself,
Revisiting the earth and all the heavens,
Shall, as I may, restore what is destroyed."

Surely this is not so very far away from satisfying the test which Shakespeare himself makes Duke Theseus apply to all poetry: "That which apprehends more than cool reason comprehends."

149 150 In the autumn of 1901 Dr. Theobald published his first edition of these studies. Besides the general disquisitions on the grandeur of Bacon and the holding up to contempt of Shakespeare, the player-poet, to which we are accustomed, Dr. Theobald consecrates a chapter to an endeavor to show that Shakespeare's and Bacon's views on love as a passion were quite similar, demonstrating to his own satisfaction that Othello's was a calm and philosophic love and that Orlando and Rosalind were rather playing at being in love, than really subjected to the control of that passion. In another chapter he took up the work of the great and early-lost tragedian, Christopher Marlowe, and attempted to demonstrate that he, too, like his greater successor, was only a simulacrum or figure-head, and that behind his mask we should find also the eternal and monotonous figure of the Viscount of St. Albans. With neither of these chapters does Mr. Willis undertake to deal, nor does he concern himself with many others of Dr. Theobald's brilliant and audacious speculations and suggestions. This was natural, for Baconians are so rapid and ingenious in their thought and reading, and so impetuous in giving to the world the result of their luctu-

brations, that the slower disciples of an older school of thought can only follow them *pede claudo*; and by the time the Shakespearean has with patient care exploded one series of ingenious fallacies, the Baconian has already forgotten them and gone on to a new series of supposed discoveries. Thus it was with Mr. Willis, who seems a patient, careful and modest student. He found that Dr. Theobald had devoted one whole chapter (Chap. 14), containing 94 pages, and a large part of another chapter (Chap. 12), to a discussion of a long series of words and phrases used by Shakespeare and Bacon, which he contended were used in a strictly classic or Latin sense; showing, as he claimed, their introduction into the language by an author who was an accomplished Latinist, while some of them he endeavored to demonstrate to be of Baconian coinage and introduction, either as to the words and phrases themselves, or as to the manner of their use. Thus, Mr. Theobald says of the use of the phrase "gross and palpable" (page 264) "It is one of Bacon's many contributions to verbal currency. Any one using it in the early part of the Seventeenth Century would have felt almost obliged to quote Bacon when employing it," and, later (page 265) "Bacon may thus be regarded as the originator of this formula of speech." Thus, he speaks of "putting money in a purse" as a formula of Bacon's. So that—though it be true that Dr. Theobald only once speaks of Bacon's introduction of words and phrases as a "mint" for the coinage of language, yet the general course and current of these chapters of his studies seem to make the phrase "Baconian Mint" not an inappropriate characterization. Now Mr. Willis, being a modest Shakespearean and not claiming the world-wide knowledge of humanity and literature which Bacon and his followers possess, saw here an opportunity of meeting Dr. Theobald in a field of learning with which he was personally familiar and therefore undertook to make a systematic and almost complete analysis and examination of the more than two hundred words and phrases which Dr. Theobald declared not only classical, but often recondite, and which he claimed to have been introduced by Shakespeare and Bacon (or Bacon under the guise of Shakespeare) into the English language, which was enriched by their addition. Mr. Willis' knowledge of the English of the Sixteenth Century, and particularly of books antedating both Bacon and Shakespeare, made his task a possible one. Nevertheless the careful and hermeneutical examination of the history of the introduction and use of two hundred and thirty Latinized words and phrases, claimed by Dr. Theobald to have been of Baconian introduction, imported into the English language, must have involved immense expenditure of time and labour, even for a student of such great and peculiar learning as Mr. Willis. The result of this labour is, to a candid mind, we must think, most satisfactory and negatively convincing. Mr. Willis, in his modest little volume, demonstrates that almost every one of Dr. Theobald's two hundred and thirty words and phrases have been introduced into English literary use before either Bacon's or Shakespeare's birth; some having been, in fact, in familiar use in literature as early as the

days of Chaucer. These words and phrases having, therefore, already become the common property, and heritage of the English-speaking race (and in their Latin or classic sense, which was naturally their original meaning) there was needed no great learning or profound Latinity for their use in the plays we call Shakespeare's, and neither that playwright nor the great chancellor were entitled to any particular credit for using them. They were not beyond the reach of the actor-poet, nor could any inference as to identity of authorship be drawn from Shakespeare and Bacon both using words and phrases, then in more or less common use by their contemporaries. It seems to me, therefore, that the effect of Mr. Willis' little book is the complete demolition of the argument built up by Dr. Theobald in his fourteenth chapter and part of his twelfth, and this is all of the book Mr. Willis undertakes to meddle with. In the preface to his second edition Dr. Theobald falls foul of Mr. Willis, for Baconians are intolerant of the mildest criticism, and no one likes even the most polite refutation. He angrily claims to have been misunderstood and that he never suggested the Baconian coinage of words and phrases enumerated and discussed and belittles the importance of a question to which he had devoted over one hundred pages of his book. Our allotted space will not permit a reference to a tithe of Dr. Theobald's two hundred and thirty references as analyzed by Mr. Willis. Dr. Theobald admits his mistake in claiming the phrase "gross and palpable" as a Baconian conception, which he had previously asserted as a discovery in the most positive and triumphant manner (page 264, chap. 12; preface, page 5). But there are many other cases where Mr. Willis' demonstration is quite as convincing and Dr. Theobald's error quite as clear, even if not quite so conspicuous. Thus, Dr. Theobald's No. 156 is "Perdurable," used by Shakespeare in *Henry the Fifth*, IV:v-7, "O perdurable shame," and in *Othello*, I:iii-342, "perdurable toughness" and by Bacon as a characteristic of metals. Dr. Theobald says (page 385) "perdurable is not really an English word at all. It represents the Latin word 'perdurabilis.' . . . Perdurable, therefore, means very lasting, ineffacable. But Willis shows (page 68) the use of perdurable in the same sense by Chaucer, in the *Tale of Melibæus* 'The joye of God is perdurable,' and again in the interlude *Calista and Melibœa*. He also finds the word in *Hall's Chronicle*. Certainly this shows that perdurable was accepted English in Shakespeare's time and to be found in books with which Shakespeare was we know conversant. Dr. Theobald's nineteenth instance is "casual," "casualties," which he says (page 325) corresponds to Bacon's *casualia*—that which happens or falls out—not necessarily misfortunes. And he gives four instances of Shakespeare's use of one or other word and two of Bacon's in this sense. Mr. Willis shows that the words were in common use from the Fourteenth Century, being used by Chaucer in his "*Troilus and Cressida*," and found also in "*Jacob and Esau*" (1555), besides their constant use as law terms. Dr. Theobald's thirty-first word (page 329) is *concent* (Latin *concentus*)—singing together in concert, used by Shakespeare, *Henry the Fifth*, I:ii-180.

For government though high and low and lower
Put in parts, doth keep in one concent.

And also used by Bacon in one of his speeches. But Mr. Willis shows its use, in 1588, by H. Broughton in the same sense, "A concent of scriptures," as well as a contemporaneous use by Drayton and by Fairfax in the "Jerusalem Delivered."

"Birds, winds and waters sing with one concent."

It is therefore evident that Dr. Theobald's deduction that "in all the passages when concent is there referred to we may trace the teaching of Bacon's 'Philosophic Prima'" (De Augmenti's III:i) is at least hasty and ill considered. Dr. Theobald's forty-fourth selection (page 344) is the word "continent," used in its primary sense of "that which holds or contains." He quotes Antony and Cleopatra, IV:xiv-39, "Heart, once be stronger than thy continent," and Lear I:ii-181, "a continent forbearance," and several other passages from Shakespeare, and two from Bacon, one of which is "These two nations are situate upon the continent of one island." But Mr. Willis correctly remarks "The use of this word shows classic scholarship neither in Bacon or Shakespeare. They both could have read in North's Plutarch, 1579, "A cylinder containing a massive sphere . . . whereof the continent exceedeth the thing contained." Dr. Theobald's one hundred and nineteenth instance (page 365) is "indubitate," meaning "undoubted" (Love's Labor Lost, IV:i-67), "The indubitate beggar" for Shakespeare's use of the word and Bacon's Henry the Seventh (published after his death) and for Bacon's use of it "The indubitate heirs of the crown," but Mr. Willis cruelly points out the use of indubitate by Caxton (1480), Fabyan (1494) and by Hall in his chronicle with which we know Shakespeare was familiar. "The very indubitate heyre general to the crown of France."

Dr. Theobald says of Shakespeare's frequent use of the word "modesty" (page 379, his one hundred and forty-second word) in the Latin sense of moderation that it is a direct reflection of Bacon's philosophy! Mr. Willis, however, shows that there was no Latinity in this use, as "modesty" in this sense was in common use before either Bacon's or Shakespeare's day, citing North's Plutarch, Life of Coriolanus, among other books where it is so found. When it is remembered that there are some two hundred and thirty words and phrases cited by Dr. Theobald in this connection and that, as to all but some half dozen of these, Mr. Willis' careful research has disproved the supposed facts on which his argument is founded, it is not strange that Dr. Theobald's preface should display considerable annoyance, but it is surprising that even Dr. Theobald should consider Mr. Willis' book unimportant and irrelevant. Leaving Mr. Willis' admirable study I may be permitted to mention a few other instances in other parts of his book where Dr. Theobald's impetuosity has led him into error. Thus he says (page 25) that the writer of the plays had "probably travelled in France and Italy, as we know Bacon did in his early youth." Now, of course, we know that Bacon spent a couple of years in France in Sir Amyas Paulet's

suite, but we know equally well that he never was in Italy. On the other hand, there is no reason why Shakespeare may not have visited Italy at some time between 1585 and 1592; and there seems strong ground for believing that he may at least have seen Venice. Dr. Theobald asserts (page 271) that the play of Antony and Cleopatra was never heard of until 1623, despite the fact that the "Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, by William Shakespeare," was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1607, although for some reason it was withdrawn from publication. Elsewhere he makes a like statement as to the *Tempest*, although its performance in Shakespeare's lifetime is perfectly well established.

A very singular instance where Dr. Theobald lays great stress on facts which, when rightly considered, make strongly against his argument, is worth referring to. Dr. Theobald, following Mr. Edwin Reid, seeks to establish a parallel between a point in Dromio of Syracuse's description of the cook, who claimed him as her spouse in the *Comedy of Errors*, and a not very delicate anecdote of Prince Arthur and Queen Katharine of Arragon, told by Bacon in his *History of Henry the Seventh*. Dromio says in answer to Antipholus' question, "In what part of her body stands Spain?" "Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath." Bacon's elegant anecdote is this, "There was given in evidence also, when the cause of the divorce was handled, a pleasant passage which was—that on a morning Prince Arthur, upon his uprising from bed with her (Katharine) called for drink, which he was not accustomed to do, and finding the gentleman of his chamber that brought him the drink, to smile at it, and to note it, he said merrily to him, that he had been in the midst of Spain, which was a hot region and his journey had made him dry." Now, Dr. Theobald says "Dromio's and Prince Arthur's impressions of Spain are not only identical, they are formed under the same unique conditions." The passages, seem on the contrary, to have but a very superficial resemblance. Dromio found "Spain," that is the fumes of hot Spanish wine in the breath of the queen of the kitchen, who claimed him as her husband, but he was careful to avoid closer proximity. This was a simple and natural allusion, and requires no elucidation by comparison. On the other hand, the elegant extract of Bacon was one of the "pieces justificatifs" in support of Henry the Eighth's right to a writ of divorce from Katharine of Arragon, which Bacon lugs in by the ears into his life of Henry the Seventh and rolls under his tongue like a sweet morsel. Burnet repeats the incident in his history of the Reformation and treats it as a conclusive piece of evidence of the consummation of Prince Arthur's marriage, demonstrating the incestuous character of Katharine's marriage to his brother Henry, which, therefore, the Protestants of those days contended, invalidated it beyond the possibility of Papal relief. Even the Catholic Doctors of Law and historians of those days seem to have felt doubt of the power of the Pope to grant dispensation in such case and they therefore uniformly persisted in the contention that Prince Arthur and Katharine were but children and their marriage never consummated.

But if Bacon's incident be true it was one of the *res gestæ* which settled the case. When Prince Arthur, arising from the bed of his young bride, said in this pleasant passage "that he had been in the midst of Spain, which was an hot region and his journey had made him dry," his situation, far from being identical with Dromio's, had no analogy to it. It was not in his bride's breath he had found the heat of Spain, and he resorted to wine for coolness and refreshment. I do not believe that any one who will read Shakespeare's play of Henry the Eighth with care will come to the conclusion that the author of it had ever read or heard this pleasant passage. The whole case of Queen Katharine is treated with a sympathetic dignity, which seems absolutely inconsistent with the possibility of a knowledge on her part, that her marriage to Henry was (according to the beliefs of her day) incestuous. Her case, if this anecdote had been known to and accepted by Shakespeare, would have been the same as that of Queen Gertrude, and we know how Hamlet characterized her marriage. Is it not evident that the Queen Katharine part, at least, of Henry the Eighth was written by one whose sympathies were Catholic, while the "Life of Henry the Seventh" shows Bacon's essential Puritan feelings and convictions? I cannot believe myself that Shakespeare had ever read or heard this delicate and pleasing tale. If he had, it would have been rather hard for him to have avoided alluding to it. If he had heard it, his strong admiration for Katharine, and his Catholic sympathies, induced him to suppress such allusion to it as he might else have been tempted to make. It was natural that Bacon, in his legal and political studies, should have found it among the evidence in the divorce trial, and hand it down to posterity. But as his "Henry the Seventh" was written in Latin and was not published until after his death, it was not a source of information to his contemporaries.

Dr. Theobald, in concluding his volume, complains that Shakespeareans will not use the Baconian theory as a working hypothesis, to unlock the supposed mystery of Shakespearian authorship. While we find this supposed working hypothesis so constantly misleading such ingenious writers as Dr. Theobald, making them follow false clues and wandering lights, it is small wonder that we prefer, as our working hypothesis, the theory that the poet-actor of Stratford-on-Avon wrote the dramas attributed to him.

R. L. ASHHURST.

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